And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me trem ble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweet loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow nigh t looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viol being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A co ld and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Sh all keepe his natiue progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too many ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, & strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and*
Seruing men, two or three.

Ca: So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cānot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe willde harlotry it is. *Enter* Iuliet.
Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where h aue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iuls. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Ca. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand vp,
This is ast should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hether.

Now